

# A LEXINGTON CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S LETTER.

PRINTED JUST AS SHE WROTE IT

Mr. Editor C. C. Moore please Publish this manuscript in your paper the Blue grass Blade, for the people that they may find Light

MRS. R. MARTIN Lexington, Ky.  
—please mail a copy of the Blue grass Blade to Mrs. R. Martin with this all in it for the People.

Yours in (illegible)  
MRS. R. MARTIN.

My conversion when I was Redeemed, god was my Saviour and my redeemer. I was Born of the Spirit in the new covenant the year 1865 in the month of April: I was not raised to any creed or religion of any kind. I had never read the Holy Bible; I was married, and I was a mother then of one child; it was about 6 months old; we had got a new Bible and laid it upon the mantle for an ornament, so then for three days it came into my mind, Read that Book, Read that Book, and you will find something that will do you good. I wonder what makes that come in my mind, it refers me to the Holy Bible, so then I thought I will read it and see what it reads about. So I commenced in St. Matt. 1, and the third day in the evening I had got over as far as the 7 chapter, 7 verse. I read the 7 verse and I felt like I wanted to pray. I laid my hands on the Holy Bible and I prayed the words of the 7 verse I said oh LORD, Thou hast bid me ask and it shall be given me. LORD, I am asking may it be given me. Oh LORD Thou has bid me seek and I shall find. LORD I am seeking may I find. Oh LORD Thou has bid me Knock and it shall be opened unto me. Oh LORD I am Knocking may it be opened unto me. So then I felt like I wanted to read the 7 verse again so I open the Bible and I read the first two lines; then the last line Knock and it shall be opened unto you came in to my eyes, I did not Look at it on the Book.

Then suddenly there came a power into my heart to Love the Holy Bible. I clasped the Holy Bible to my heart and walked the Floor, shouting aloud, these words glory to god: glory to god in the Highest. I shouted these words as long as I felt a power to Shout so I did not read any further the next day in the evening I set down near the front hall door I was meditating over shouting and unexpected by me suddenly up in the air out side the door there came the sweetest the most sacred holy music I can not tell you my feelings it seemed to me that I was near the Heavenly gate I could distinguish the different parts of their songs Reader it was a choir of Angels, in heaven, god had sent them to worship as it reads in Hebrews. 1. they are called angels of god, came to worship the first Begotten they came four different times, I talked to them. I asked them to tell me who they are they said me, and said we are the Blessed dead, so I learned then that their soul had left their clay Boddies at their death & went to Zion above the grave, and in Zion god gave them a new celestial Body and they were then in heaven in one of gods mansions in glory and are called the angels of god, they once lived in this world, one of them was Eve, one was Adam, one was Abel, one was Sarah, one was Abraham, one was Isaac, & Jacob and many more that lived & died before the Flood, of water that covered the whole world, they was Righteous to god's acceptance, so now what is the sign of the words of the shout, glory to god glory to god in the highest the words of the shout shall be a sign to the people god was my Redeemer and my Saviour, that is Born of the Flesh is Flesh, so ye must Be Born of the Spirit, St. John 3. to have remission of a Life time of past sins, Born of the spirit in to the Kingdom, of heaven, to Be a member of the new covenant church of the Redeemer, St. Matt 23—Micah 2. 1. Ye would then Be Brethren, & will not Learn war no more, then comes up the myrtle tree.

## COMMENT.

This is a remarkable case of conversion and these things are not told by somebody away off yonder somewhere, but by a Christian woman right here in my own town—all written in the kindness of her heart that the people may find light.

She had never read the Bible until she was a married woman and the mother of a six months old Kid, and then in three days reading in which she read seven chapters of St. Matt she understood the Scriptures as Infidels do not who have read the Bible for 50 years.

Looks like Infidels just don't want to find the Light. What a pity it is that the newspaper reporters hadn't been there and heard that heavenly music and seen those angels and given an account of it in the papers. What

a pity there were no phonographs and snap shot Kodacks, in 1865, so that they could have caught that heavenly music and grind it out to this day and what a "scoop" it would have been if some fellow could have caught photos of Eve and Adam and Abel and old Sister Sallie and Abraham and Isaac and Jacob.

Wouldn't that picture of Eve in "the altogether," as Tribby called it, sell, though?

As a little matter of Biblical accuracy it's true that only the first three lived before "the flood," but that cuts no ice.

I hope Sister Martin will write me for publication in the Blade the full particulars about what those old people said and that she will especially tell anything that Eve may have said about that snake story, also tell us how they were dressed, or whether they had on any clothes, at all, and whether their clothes, if any, were up to date tailor made duds or the same old fig leaf aprons they had before the flood, and whether they talked the American language like we do in Lexington or with a Dutch Jew brogue on it.

Seems to me that Sister Martin might get up a wonderfully interesting account of her personal interview with Eve and Adam and Abel—I suppose Cain was in hell—and I would take great pleasure in printing it in the Blade.

Come again, Sister Martin, I like your style. When a body knows a thing I like to hear em say it plain, like you do.

## ROOSEVELT AND THOMAS PAINE

Muncie, Ind., April 1, 1902.

Editor Blue Grass Blade:—The most urgent and imperative duty of American citizens is to free themselves from the domination of priests and politicians, for all history conclusively proves that the altar and the throne are enemies of the human race. To break the shackles of party bondage, and shatter the fetters made by priests, is a solemn duty resting upon every man and every woman who longs for the freedom and fraternity of the human race.

Slavish obedience to priests and politicians are conditions that inevitably lead to despotism and monarchy, which now for the first time in the history of our Republic, is seriously threatening the overthrow of our liberty. The good man and the good woman cherish the memory of the heroes and heroines of history, who have died to give freedom to the human race—the good man and the good woman teach their children to honor the sacred memory of Thomas Paine who, above all other men, was instrumental in the foundation and establishment of the only Republic in the history of the world, and yet we have an American citizen, at the head of a great party, and now President of this Republic by virtue of an assassin's bullet, who wantonly and maliciously maligns the greatest champion of human liberty in the history of the world, and seeks to bring odium upon his memory by calling him a "filthy little atheist." No Free Thinker in the United States—no man who loves this Republic—no man of intelligence who loves his wife and child, and whose heart beats in sympathy for the enslaved millions of the earth, will ever support the candidacy of such a man as Theodore Roosevelt for the Presidency, no matter what party nominates him, and I regard it as a solemn duty devolving upon every member of the National Liberal Party to use every legitimate means to prevent the election of this man by the ballots of the people to the office of Chief Magistrate of this great nation, a position which he now holds by virtue of an assassin's bullet. 70,000 heroes died to give birth to this Republic and any man who now seeks to tarnish their memory must in the very nature of things be an enemy of liberty and a friend of despotism. If Thomas Paine had died before he wrote "The Age of Reason," he would now occupy the highest and the proudest place in the pantheon of the world. This one fact demonstrates that the altar is mightier than the throne. This one fact demonstrates that priests are more powerful than kings. This one fact demonstrates that every good man and every good woman in the world ought to swear eternal hostility against the union of church and State. This one fact demonstrates that Theodore Roosevelt seeks to blacken the memory of the greatest defender of liberty, living or dead, to satisfy the hate of a despotic priesthood. Thomas Paine came to America from England at the age of 38 and when he reached our shores our fathers had completely despaired of independence, and were preparing to compromise with the mother country—he immediately revived their drooping spirits, and in a pamphlet called Common Sense, he advocated so irresistibly for the establishment of a republic that hope immediately took the place of despair, and from that hour the independence of Ameri-

ca became the watchword and the battle cry of our colonial fathers. We think by consolation, and it is impossible for any one acquainted with the history of the world to think of Liberty without thinking of Thomas Paine—it is impossible for any one acquainted with the history of the United States to think about them without thinking about Thomas Paine, because these words first burst into bloom upon his tongue and lips—it is impossible for any one to think of this great Republic, the only one beneath the crenit of the sun, without thinking of the author-hero of the revolution without whose life and labors we today, like poor Ireland, would still be a suffering and sorrowing English dependency. Had it not been for the life and labors of Thomas Paine we might today be as hopeless and helpless as the people in the Russian Empire where 100 million of our brothers are without comfort, without solace, without consolation, without liberty and without hope, except the hope that death will end their misery. The head of the orthodox church, the Czar, owns everything animate and inanimate, the bodies and the souls of men, and sends all the brave men and grand women to a Siberian hell, who even dare to think of freedom. Had it not been for the precious life and herculean labors of Thomas Paine the happy people in this great republic which was first conceived in his mighty brain might all be as wretched as our fellow men in unhappy Spain, where thirty million of our brothers are still cursed by the pitiless blight of Bourbonism and the awful midwife of the inquisition—had it not been for the unconquerable love of Thomas Paine for the enslaved millions of his fellow men, it is highly probable—yea it is almost certain, that there would be no Republic in America today to be disgraced and dishonored by such fawning, cringing hypocrites, and imperial snobs, as Theodore Roosevelt. In view of all these legitimate inferences about what might have been, we can form some faint conception of the debt of gratitude that American citizens owe to Thomas Paine. I rejoice that every day every hour his memory is growing greener and brighter with the lapse of time—like Miltiades and Leonidas who first fought for liberty in the classic land of Greece, Thomas Paine needs no monuments of brass and stone to perpetuate his memory, for as the world grows wiser and better his name will be written in letters of gold over the portals of every civilized home in the world, and he will live eternally embalmed in the hearts of all mankind.

Is to come, and a release into monarchy and barbarism is to be prevented the principles for which he stood must be kept alive by us, if mankind should ever forget the sacred doctrines and the high ideals for which he lived and labored, the whole world would soon be shrouded in the darkness of night. "The world is my country; all mankind are my brethren, and to do good is my religion." Grand words these never fell from the lips of man and everything is involved in our devotion to these high and holy sentiments—the progressive development of a higher civilization is involved—the steady march of man to higher planes of life, to a loftier status of dignity and to higher happiness is involved the grandeur, the beauty and the glory of life itself is involved—everything is involved for which the heroes and the heroines of history have died, and if the priests of America, aided by such politicians as Roosevelt, should ever succeed in destroying the Democracy for which Thomas Paine lived and labored, and upon its ruins establish a monarchy, blood and night and sorrow will enshroud the world. It is said of Hannibal, that when he was but nine years old, his father took him to an altar in Carthage and made him swear eternal hostility to Rome, and faithfully he kept this oath; and in like manner every good man and every good woman in the United States ought to make a vow that they will use every legitimate means to prevent all such men as Theodore Roosevelt from ever reaching the exalted station of President of this Republic by the suffrages of a free people.

T. J. BOWLES,  
Pres. N. L. P.

(From Lexington Democrat.)

Each day brings fresh developments in the investment company rascality and this w. k promises to be as fruitful of sensations as last. The thieves who have waxed rich and fat are on the run now and many of them will soon be in stripes. Let the good work continue.

Comment.—Walton, of the Lexington Democrat, is a devout Christian. A leader of this gang of "thieves" that he says "will soon be in stripes," is Rev. J. H. Baker, of Lexington, who, from poverty, now lives in a ten thousand dollar house from what he got by an investment company.

Looks like Lexington newspapers are all coming my way.

Oracle of Reason.  
By Col. Ethan Allen. Cloth, 75 cents.  
Trials of Thelam.  
Accused of obstructing secular life.  
By G. J. Holyoake. Cloth, 51.

# DEATH AN ETERNAL SLEEP WITH FREEDOM FROM PAIN

(From San Francisco Bulletin.)

Editor the Bulletin:—You deserve the thanks of your readers for the able articles you are publishing on the old, yet ever new and interesting subject, "the immortality of the soul."

The average Christian says, "I cannot see what is the object of life unless man is immortal. I cannot see how any one can be happy who does not believe in a future life;" and Paul declared he would be the most miserable of men without the belief in a future life. Viter experiences in this life prompted Paul's man, just as they have planted in the man mind the hope for a system of let and rewards. The shallow pessimist, which without the excuse of hardship or persecution talks lightly of suicide for immortality is a dream, undervalues the most unselfish, heroic and enduring forms of human endeavor, which are the levers of the world's progress, and looks upon virtue as a worthless investment unless it brings in a never-ceasing cent per cent.

Our estimate of the value and purpose of life must be of life on this particular planet, since we have no knowledge of any other. To judge it by the light of a hypothetical future is to admit that the present is a failure—an unpleasant reflection for this who believe the world to be under the guidance of an over-ruling providence.

Is it not beyond human knowledge to prove that the purpose for which we were born can be fulfilled only after death?

There is a sweeping assertion made, and generally believed, that all human beings have "a horror of annihilation." This assertion is made by those who have not had many opportunities to learn the facts, or availed themselves of those they had.

The Society for Psychical Research is sending out "circular letters" asking all classes of people if they desire life beyond the grave. The number of emphatic negative replies prove conclusively that a horror of annihilation is not general. All human beings hail sleep as their greatest blessings, yet sound and dreamless sleep is virtual annihilation as long as it lasts.

If this sleep should last a million years, or through eternity, the sleeper could be no worse off. There are minds sufficiently logical to accept the idea of annihilation as far preferable to the eternal duties and delights of the various heavens held out as rewards by the religions of the world.

The great offending of the immortal ingenuities was that he honestly said that "he did not know whether or not there was another life after this one." For this he will never be forgiven by those whose religion teaches "forgive your enemies." Are our Christian friends dead sure they know? Is it not a fact that a doubt or a denial of immortality excludes from the Christian fold? Yet is it not a fact, too, that the opinions of doctors of divinity, the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Pope of Rome, are of no more value on this unsolvable question than the opinion of the most unlettered and mystified questioner?

What lies beyond this strange existence we call life is profound mystery which no religion or system of theology can solve. If we live after this life is a fact in nature. If we love our personality and are cast into the crucible of this wonderful cosmos, that is a fact in nature, which no belief or unbelief can affect. Is the fear of not living forever more sad than that of not having existed always? Is any human being grieving today because he was not in existence when America was discovered? Need we grieve because we shall not be in existence ten centuries hence. It can be seriously doubted whether the belief in immortality has a salutary effect upon the race. If it is true one brief span of mortal existence should be entirely devoted to preparation for immortal existence. Certainly the majority who believe in personal immortality fail to lead the lives that would secure the rewards promised.

The fact that human beings are driven to devote all their time and energy to supply the strenuously pressing needs of this life is strongly suggestive of the idea that this life is not a preparatory one, but one complete in itself. To the writer of this the idea of everlasting personal existence is the most appalling one ever offered to the human mind for acceptance; yet without an iota of proof to support it, it is accepted as a fact. But we should remember that nothing in the constitution of the universe guarantees humanity against disappointment and illusion. The Bible says, "Blessed are the dead, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." What grander immortality could be desired than that our works, our thoughts and our aspirations should live in the lives of those that follow us?

Annihilation is perfect rest, painlessness, freedom from all impressions that rack and torment the corporal or mental being, and ardently desired by the writer after the completion of a normal life, and upon the appearance of the unavoidable infirmities of old age. There can be no pain in annihilation any more than in the repose of sleep. Blessed sleep! that brings forgetfulness of every pain and sorrow, release from every dread and danger. Is not the plowboy fast asleep more to be envied than the prince wide awake?

The prospect of proving the doctrine of immortality is not encouraging, and if correct data could be obtained on this question we predict that an astonishingly large number of the most intelligent persons are firm and consistent in their belief that death is an eternal rest.

JOSEPHINE K. HENNA,  
Versailles, Ky., March 20, 1902.

## FUNNY STORY ABOUT A BOOK.

Other day, in Lexington, I met Col. Roger D. Williams, of the Kentucky State Guards—had a bright smile on his face, in fact, couldn't well have

one anywhere else. He said, "I bought your book, Behind the Bars, when it first came out, and it had been lying about the office until a few days ago, when I happened to pick it up. I looked into it, got to reading it, and I read it all night long. I told my father about it, and he began it and was greatly pleased. You know he was a Bethany College boy, and many of the scenes were very vivid to him. I was most interested in the story of your walk in Europe."

I went on about a square further and I met Fred Ballard, of the Leader. Fred had a fine large smile, too, and had it on his face also. Some of these Lexington people have another way of "smiling."

Fred said: "Well, sir, I just want to say to you that your book, Behind the Bars, is the most interesting book I ever read; but the people don't like your personality and if you will just re-write that book and change the names of the people and the places in it, and change your own name so as to make it appear to be a novel, it would have a great run."

I told him that the trouble about that was that I could not write anything except just as it occurred. He then suggested something to me which can only be accomplished by my keeping it a secret.

Next day I was 12 miles from there, and I met a gentleman named Peak, who had just come from his home in Oklahoma. He said to me: "I lately met a man in Oklahoma who is a great admirer of yours; his name is Blizzard (I thought at first he was joking about the name, but he was in earnest, that is his name). He told me that not long since he saw a copy of your Behind the Bars, that had been sent to him to deliver to a man named Mitch. Blizzard says he got it at 10 o'clock one morning and glanced at it and got to reading it, and read it, without stopping, until 2 o'clock the next morning."

Peak said: "I can't read that way; it took me two or three days to read it."

## DEATH OF MRS. ELLA SHAW.

Our Brother, Captain J. D. Shaw, Editor of the Searchlight, Waco, Tex., is a deeply afflicted man, and doubtless has the sympathy of the thousands of good women and men all over America to whom he is so favorably known.

It is but a short time since he lost a young son, and now he has lost his wife.

The Waco Times-Herald gives a long account of the exceedingly interesting obsequies, the funeral addresses having been delivered by Judge Gerald.

Mrs. Shaw was Vice President of a Floral Society and the floral offerings were naturally of unusual beauty, even for these days when floral tributes are so prominent and so appropriate a part of funeral occasions.

Mrs. Shaw was the second wife of our editor and was a Spiritualist. I suppose it is in consequence of this family affliction that the Searchlight has not appeared this month at its usual time.

I believe that, under the circumstances, we will all agree in saying to Bro. Shaw that we are willing to miss this month's issue.

Under such circumstances words of sympathy sound right empty, but they are all we have to give, and I hope our dear sad old Brother will fully realize that our hearts all beat in sympathy with him.

## BOOKS.

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